1: Herskovits & Herskovits E-5 (1928-1929) 1934
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implied), and he repeated the word over and over, until this led us to talk about singing, and at last we had them consent to dance susa for us. It had to be done very quietly, in the slight clearing in back of the shelter. Susa is an African dance. It is danced by men only, in pairs, and is something of a game. The one who wins "kills" his opponent. The earth spirits are said especially to like it, and it is danced in the fields or in the villages for them.

There they stood, Yamati and Sabape, facing each other, their enlarged navels almost touching. One agreed to be "in," and one "out," and as they began, their jaws came forward in a patterned, pugnacious way, and their arms moved to reproduce in pantomime shield and spear, while the feet crossed and recrossed.

*Kesi-kesi g'a S'sa*
*Zond'o linga*
*Linga-li*

*The monkeys*
*Go to dance susa*
*Without rings.*

*Huh, huh, huh!*

They sang the song over and over again, panting at the end of each verse to dramatize combat.

"I killed him," said Yamati. He had won, and they began again. If the one who had agreed to be "in" had his foot on the outside as they clashed, then he lost—he was killed.

4

As they were dancing, we noticed a young man we had never seen before. He was standing watching the youngsters at their play, smiling as though he enjoyed their contest. He was very dark, even for a Bush Negro, short and stocky, with unusual muscular development of arm and chest and thigh. His age, one would judge, was nineteen or twenty. He turned his smile on us when he realized we were noticing him.

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"*Na we' taki: Efi gbuli wolo, i za ri san de na isi.*—It is said: If a person stirs up a hole, he will find what is in it."

And so it was that very night, when we were camped on an island near the great falls, with the roar of the water sounding in our ears like the very signal drums we were told the river gods wanted sounded that the sun might come and warm and dry them after the long rains, that we learned more. Kasanya, the captain of the fourth boat, had conducted himself so unobtrusively that we barely knew he was there. He was almost as old as Bibifo, but strangely silent. He was tall and spare, with graying hair, and eyes that were rimmed with red. We had not sought him out particularly to make conversation with him because he had ugly, open sores on his body, the result of a virulent case of bush yaws, which showed when he sat paddling in his loin cloth. We had known him during our first year when he had been more willing to be friendly, more ready to talk. From him, in fact, we had learned to play one of the Bush Negro games that the ancestors had brought from Africa.

Kasanya came over to ask us whether we had medicine for him. His head ached so until . . . he could barely see. There is that about white man's medicine in the bush, it is to be had free, and there is no harm in trying it.

"Will you make us a game board like the one we bought from your village last year, Kasanya?" we asked him.

"Yes, but you must have two of them, one flat and one curved like a boat. It is not good to have only one. When a man is alive he plays the game. When he dies and comes back to visit the living, he wants to play, too. Now if there is a board for him, he will play on that. But if there is but the one, he will play with the living and that is not good."

"You know a great deal, Kasanya."

"Awa, yes, but I'm an old man already. I've had much trouble. Last year after you left the third son I made died. Now I have no one. Kunu has taken the three of them, and my wife is asleep, too."

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The man looked so moved by what he told us that we had qualms about continuing the conversation with him about his dead family, and so we asked him about the game board. "Why is it, Kasanya, that young Amnika of your village said he could not make us a game board, fine carver that he is? You yourself know that the board is just a piece of wood with holes in it for the seeds. It is not beautiful; there are no decorations on it."

"It is because he is young. His hair isn't white like mine. Making an adji board is a big thing. It's not a little thing. It is on this we play when the body of the dead lies in the house of mourning to entertain his spirit, his yorka. Only an old man who has lost his wife may make a board for this game which is played for the dead."

"But suppose he did make it?"

"Then he would get a kunu, Bakra," he said with an impatient cluck which was intended to deplore the white man's inability to understand simple things.

And so again we came to kunu, and since he himself had brought it up, we decided to stir the hole once more to see what was in it. Kasanya talked with less hesitation than we had come to expect. It is easier for an older man who has had experience with the spirits and knows their ways to talk about the supernatural. He understands what he may and may not do, and then, too, with his greater knowledge he can tell more without offending the spirits who disapprove of a man's telling too great a part of his store.

"Yes, Bakra, kunu is a difficult thing for you, a white man, to understand. But we black people know what brings kunu. Many things bring kunu. Look, I made three children. Fine men all three. One died, the second died, the third died. . . ."

This was his story. His wife's mother's brother brought the curse on his family. He had cut a new field, and the trees he had felled and the brush he had cut had been lying for some time, as was proper, that the dead wood might be burned off to clear the ground so that the ash might enrich the soil.

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more than a year before her father's death and therefore had not saved her mother from mourning.

"My sons are big so," she showed, pointing to the mortar, "and already my brother takes them with him down the river, and when they are with him he tells them about the creeks and the trees, and where the villages are which are friendly to our people. But when they come here to see me, then they play. They have play guns and play arrows which they make themselves. Into the uncleared bush they shoot them until I call them away to eat. Here I have no man from whom they can learn. Here they only play."

But boys liked to be with men. When the rains came, her brother would let them sit by when he carved, and, seeing him work, they would take up a knife and begin whittling. That was how boys learned to do men's work.

Women children played with "gosai." She put down her pestle, and felt about in her cloth where the child slept, and brought out a gourd, resembling in size a small cucumber. It had beads on top for eyes and a few deft cuts to indicate nose and mouth, while above the eyes was crosshatching for the hair. Until girls were old enough to be of use in the fields, they sat about in the clearing playing with these dolls.

"When they are four and five, then they like to work."

There was, of course, dancing. All dances were opened by the children, and at six and seven the girls knew seketi and awasa, and bandamba, and the boys danced susa.

"Do you dance susa?" we asked the Granman's five-year-old grandson, who was standing with us beside the widow.

"Ai," he said, but once our attention was turned to him he said also, "White man, the children say you carry money in this." He touched a water canteen which hung from the stranger's belt. "I know it is water."

He knew also that shaving cream was soap, and not white people's sacred clay, and now as women came with bottles for the white man's obia water—a name they gave

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cloths, their hair disheveled, their faces without the glint which the oil gave to their dark skins, and their eyes without the touch of dark flame which the gleaming skins brought out. One of these women stood leaning against a doorpost trembling. Her hands were clenched, and her mouth moved without pause, and without sound.

"She hears the agida?"

"Ai. She wants to dance, but she can't. Her god is troubling her."

The white woman must not stop with them longer, and she must not come closer, the two women who stood beside their quivering companion called out at once, for the obia which she wore about her neck would be contaminated if brought too close to them, and its power to protect the wearer against danger would leave it at once.

"Do not come too close. Tomorrow I will return to my house, and after I have bathed and washed in pemba, I will be clean again, and then I will come to see you," the younger of the two women said.

The other said, "When you go there," and she pointed toward the woman's path, "do not go by the way of the broken calabashes. That is the unclean way. It is the path for the women who stay in this house."

Down the clearing the white woman continued until, when she turned, the open cooking shelter of Bassia Anaisi's quarter faced her. The floor of the shelter was of red clay, raised well above the clearing itself. A woman was laying a fire there, putting down the long sticks one end close to the other in the center, so that they radiated outwards in what seemed a perfect circle. Her child, who was fitted out with obias on neck and wrists and right ankle, sat near by watching her, and playing with a gourd doll.

The voice of the agida had a moment before died down, and now a song reached the white woman. It came not from across the river, but from somewhere directly behind the houses grouped about the clearing beyond the cooking shelter. The song was a repetition of several melodic phrases, sung in varying rhythms, so that it had a disturb-

"About half of them, I guess," he said.

5

524 609 When we returned to camp, Kasanya waited for us. He had come with the game boards he had promised to make for us, the adji game which was played in the house of death, and which the fine carver in Kasanya's village could not make because he was young, and a man needed to have a wife under the sod before he was fitted to make it.

Kasanya had taught the white man to play the game the year before, and though the white man had had much practice in playing it at home, Kasanya won one game after the other with ease.

524 609 562 With the white woman he would not play, nor would any other man—not even Bayo who showed so much indulgence toward the strangers. It was this way, Kasanya explained. A man knew that a woman could not beat him at the game, much less a woman who did not have the cunning of their bush, and would not, therefore, be expected to excel in what pertained to the life of the bush. But if the gods became capricious and allowed the white woman to win, then it would be more than a man could bear to be twitted up and down the river about it. Songs would be made up about it, and stories and proverbs. Master Nigger! A man would be a fool to risk it.

524 When Kasanya had gone, Bayo came back from Gankwe where, it seemed, his errands now took him daily. The sun was still high enough so that a game might be played before the hovering ghosts who in life had enjoyed the game would [MS] take their places beside the players, and play unseen at this game board with the living.

"Do you play adji, Bayo?"

"*Awa! Suma no de!*—Sure! No one better!"

But it soon appeared that Bayo had brought too much self-confidence with him from Gankwe. He was promptly beaten, and beaten again.

"*Suma de, Bayo!*—Someone better!"

The boy grinned. "Suma de, a," he acknowledged.

2:Kahn D-5 (1922-1930)-1931
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The decoration of
177 objects with cowrie shells comes by way of Africa. The
[329] monkey dance said to be practised by the Djukas is described
[796] as similar to the gorilla dance of the West Coast. The coiled wire bracelets and anklets are of African design, and the
[301 291] general mode of dress is the same.

The Djuka attitude toward the silk-cotton tree is common among the tribes of the Guinea Coast. "Throughout West
[824] Africa from Senegal to the Niger the silk-cotton tree is regarded with reverence and believed to be the abode of a god or spirit. This general consensus of opinion is no doubt due to the stupendous size attained by some of these trees, which tower far above all others of the forest."

● [524] *Adji-boto,* a game in which seeds are placed in round holes in a board, is played not only by the Bush Negroes but also by the Town Negroes of Paramaribo; it is found along the Gold Coast, Benin, Sierra Leone, West Sudan, and, in modified forms, in many other parts of Africa. The fish spear
[227] of the Djukas is found in Liberia, Mandingo, and the Gold Coast. Shooting fish with a bow and arrow is an African
[224] custom, but it is also widespread among the aboriginal Indians of South America. On the other hand, according to Dr. W. Roth of Demerara, a number of traps and hunting devices now used by the Guiana Indians are of African origin and have been borrowed from the Negroes.

[372] The Djuka fire fan, woven of split rattan, is borrowed from the Arawak Indians, but different types of the same device can be found also among the Tshi- and Ewe-speaking people and in Liberia, Cameroons, etc. The Bush Negro